

The Historie

Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,  
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,  
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants,  
Neuer did bare and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,  
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer  
Receiue so many, and all willingly:  
Then let not him be slandered with reuolt.

King. Thou doest bely him Percy, thou doest bely him,  
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:  
I tell thee he durst as well haue met the deuill alone,  
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
Art thou not ashamed? but sirra, henceforth  
Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer:  
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,  
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me  
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,  
We licence your departure with your sonne,  
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

Hot. And if the deuill come and rore for them,  
I wil not send them: I will after straight  
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,  
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,  
Here comes your vnckle. *Enter Wor.*

Hot. Speake of Mortimer?  
Zoundes I will speake of him: and let my soule  
Want mercie, if I doe not ioyne with him:  
Yea, on his part Ile emptie all these vaines,  
And shead my deare blood, drop by drop in the dust,  
But I will lift the downe-trod Mortimer  
As high in the aire as this vnthankfull king,  
As this ingrate and cankered Bullingbrooke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will forsooth haue all my prisoners,  
And when I vrg'd the ranfome once agayne  
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

of Henric

And on my face he turn'd and  
Trembling euen at the name

Wor. I cannot blame him,  
By Richard that dead is, the

North. He was, I heard the  
And then it was, when the vnckle  
(Whose wrongs in vs God p  
Vpon his Irish expedition;  
From whence he intercepted,  
To be depos'd, and shortly m

Wor. And for whose death  
Liue scandaliz'd and fouly spo

Hot. But lo! I pray you, dic  
Proclaime my brother Mort

Heire to the crowne?

North. He did, my selfe di

Hot. Nay, then I cannot b  
That wisht him on the barrer

But shall it be that you that set  
Vpon the head of this forgetf

And for his sake weate the det  
Of murderous subornation? s

That you a world of curses vnc

Being the agents, or base sec

The cordes, the ladder, or the

O pardon me, that I descend

To shew the line and the pred

Wherein you range vnder thi

Shall it for shame be spoken in

Or fill vp Chronicles in time t

That men of your nobility and

Did gage them both in an vni  
(As both of you God pardon  
To put downe Richard that sw  
And plant this thorne, this can  
And shall it in more shame be  
That you are fool'd, discarded,  
By him, for whom these shame

And